

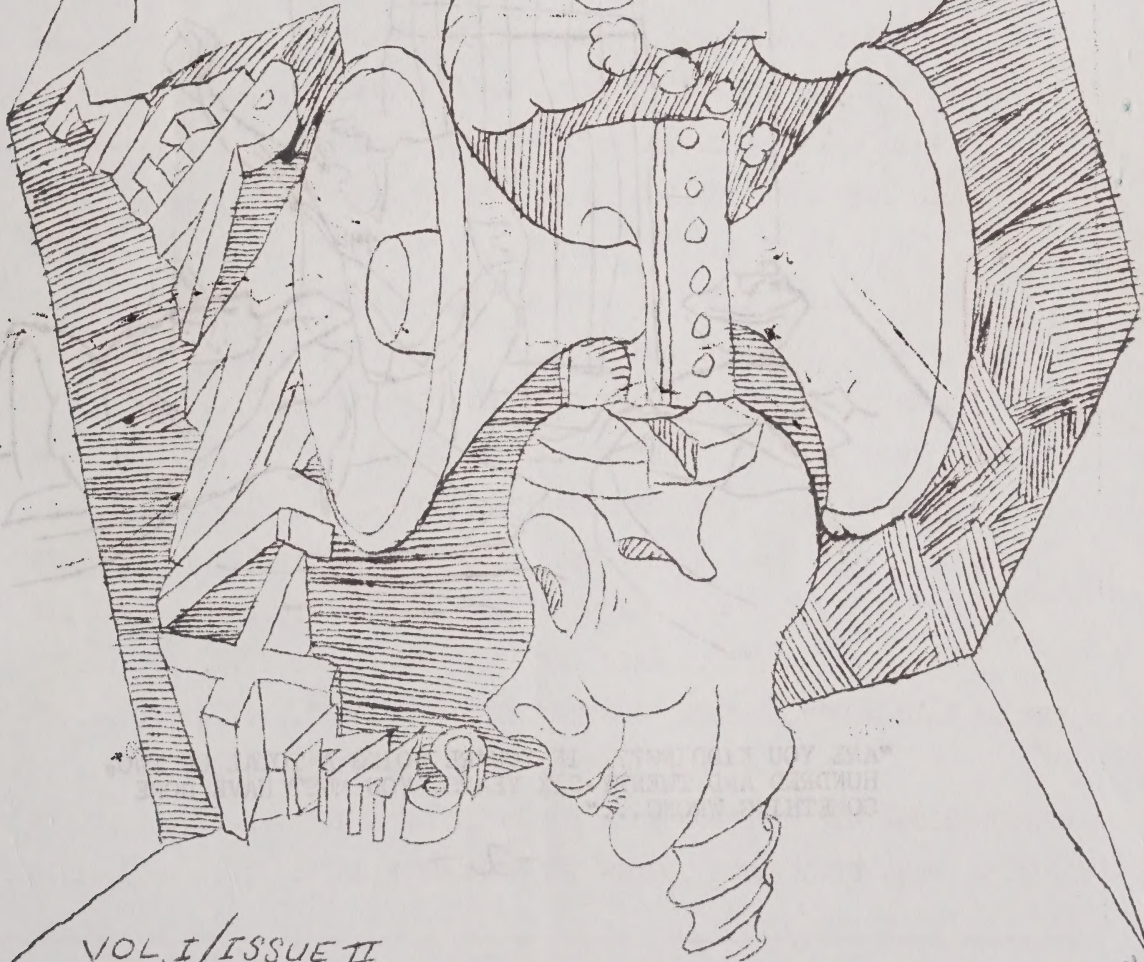
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THE OUTLOOK COUNT UP



VOL. I / ISSUE II

910

"IN MY RESEARCH TRAVELS AROUND THE WORLD, I HAVE BEEN ASTONISHED REPEATEDLY BY STORIES, TRENDS, MOVEMENTS, FASCINATING IDEAS, AND DEVELOPMENTS THAT WERE VIRTUALLY IGNORED BY THE 'AMERICAN PRESS'. NO ONE CAN BE REGARDED AS EVEN SEMI-INFORMED NOWADAYS WHOSE IMAGE OF THE WORLD COMES THROUGH THE NARROW SLIT OF HIS OR HER OWN COUNTRY'S PRESS."

--ALVIN TOFFLER
AUTHOR OF 'FUTURE SHOCK'



"ARE YOU KIDDING?? IF YOU'RE DOING A TOTAL OF TWO, HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX YEARS, YOU MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING WRONG..."

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"WRITE IT OUT" --by MAX BRAITHWAITE

Anyone who says that the pen is mightier than the sword has just never been jabbed in the belly by a sword. . .

Just the same, the pen, or the typewriter, is an instrument of considerable potency. It was, for instance, the type writers of a couple of young reporters on the Washington Post that started the streamroller that finally crushed that supercreek in president's clothing, RICHARD NIXON...

But while the value of the typewriter as a public weapon is well known, I'd like to discuss another use that I have found for it. And that is writing out one's frustrations, disgust, rage, sorrow and other assorted evils that infect the capillaries of the brain!

A writer has at hand the most potent therapy of all. If he can make copy...sometimes humorous copy...out of the bad things that happen to him, he can save his sanity, and incidentally make a little money.

When I was young and full of beans I found myself confined in a rotten situation among unfriendly people with bad food, terribly hard work, no companionship, little hope and -- no escape.

The anger generated by this situation remained with me for years. To some extent it poisoned my soul. Then one day when I had some time and money ahead I decided I would write an angry book about this awful experience and blast those conditions and those people to hell. . .

The first chapter was like that. But gradually as I wrote the story took on an entirely different aspect. I began to see it not as a means of getting even or exposing a great wrong, but as demand good material for a wistful-funny story. Then I got out of myself -- and became a writer, which means I became inventive and creative and careful of my craftsmanship. The result was a book I'm still proud of, called WHY SHOOT THE TEACHER. The same thing has happened to me many times since.

Now I'm not damned --- fool enough to assume that my situation was anything like as rotten as being in the 'PEN'. But the same principle might work. When you can get out of yourself enough to view your situation objectively you are a writer. And a writer can handle just about anything...

I will just add that I think the first issue of "THE OUTLOOK" is terrific. This isn't bullshit. I read the best magazines available and this one stacks up well with them. A magazine such as this is, in my opinion, the most important single benefit the PEN can have. Keep it going. Write in it. Read it. Improve it. Do everything you can to keep it alive. (And please send me a copy now and then. GOOD-LUCK). . .

"OBJECTIVES VERSUS ACHIEVEMENT"

THE OBJECTIVES OF ALL DEDICATED EMPLOYEES. . .

SHOULD BE TO THOROUGHLY ANALYZE ALL
SITUATIONS ANTICIPATE ALL PROBLEMS PRIOR
TO THEIR OCCURRENCE, HAVE ANSWERS FOR
THESE PROBLEMS, AND MOVE SWIFTLY TO SOLVE
THESE PROBLEMS WHEN CALLED UPON:

"HOWEVER"

WHEN YOU ARE UP TO YOUR ASS IN 'ALLIGATORS'

IT IS DIFFICULT TO REMEMBER THAT THE "INITIAL OBJECTIVE"
WAS TO DRAIN THE SWAMP. . .

WE TRAINED HARD. . . . BUT IT SEEMED THAT EVERY TIME WE
WERE BEGINNING TO FORM UP INTO TEAMS WE WOULD BE ORGANIZED...

I WAS TO LEARN LATER IN LIFE THAT WE TEND TO MEET ANY NEW
SITUATION BY REORGANIZING: AND A WONDERFUL METHOD IT CAN BE FOR
CREATING THE ILLUSION OF PROGRESS WHILE PRODUCING CONFUSION,
INEFFICIENCY, DEMORALIZATION, AND DEHUMANIZATION. . .

PETRONIUS-ARBITER: 210 B.C.

"INWARK"

A new program effective September 2, 1975 in conjunction with Canada Manpower Centre, under the guidance of Mr. Len Burt, C.M.C. representative of the Peterborough Region. 'INWARK' is the first in Canada operated by inmates. The Centre offer's: REGISTRATION, JOBLISTING, MANPOWER INFORMATION, JOB OPPORTUNITIES, JOB PLACEMENT, AND VOCATIONAL & ACADEMIC UP-GRADING... The Centre is located at- Warkworth Federal Institution, P.O. Box 760, Campbellford, Ontario, Canada...

Being of Indian ancestry, I find this unique position a privilege and honour. "Employment" plays a key role in an individuals pre-release and post release planning and is instrumental in determining a man's future upon release.

I assist Native and Non-Native men- -the population at a whole on level. The rewarding benefit of being a C.M.C. representative is to know that one is assisting fellow man. To assume responsibility at this---is like retaining one's individuality and that is what one loses upon entering an INSTITUTION....

Inmate self-help programs such as INWARK, are certainly a step in the right direction. Not only do such programs benefit the inmates (collectively) but also enhance the personal development of the individual involved, for through taking a personal responsibility in assisting others, he learns 'Social skills and traits', which are necessary for successful civilian life.

This in its self facilitates positive change. As this is a relatively new program the success or failure will depend upon the service being able to fulfill the needs of the inmate population. We as inmates are sensitive to these needs and feel able to respond ACCORDINGLY:...

Submitted by; Allan Deschamps

NOTICE: The Leathercraft Class which was to begin on Saturday, November 22, 1975, has been cancelled due to lack of interest displayed by the general population. Should anyone still be interested, please notify the Arts & Crafts Office of your intention to enroll the first class...

D.J. TRAFFORD
ARTS AND CRAFTS OFFICER

"THE GREAT ARTISTS"

MONET ended by seeing the World as no more than an Interplay of Appearances in perpetual movement and delighted in analyzing the infinite variations of light on the same view. . ."

MICHELANGELO stated that, this little earth, which men had believed to be the Center of Things, was no more than a speck in a UNIVERSE whose bounds were suddenly found to be 'Infinitely Remote. . ."

"To the Objects or Figures PICASSO took from nature, he brought an increasingly GEOMETRICAL-ANALYSIS, which in the end reduced the painting to an Interplay of Surfaces and Lines in which abstraction was deeply emphasized by 'ASCETIC COLOR'....."

THUMBS DOWN:
BY RON

Today I read in the "Toronto Star" that guards are asking for the paddle and Capital Punishment to be brought back in as they feel that, that is the only way to deal with the 'garbage' in the prisons today. I wonder if this is a good opportunity to put in for a hot dog stand?

There was even a mention that all visits in maximum and medium prisons come to a halt and that inmates have their hair four inches long as they have proven that long haired people are irritable...

Of course it would not be complete without the old shock treatment, I mean what would we do without it?? Look out Clock Work Orange here we go again..

What is really sick about this whole thing is that the public out there will probably suck all that in, especially when they read that the police and guards are threatening to walk-out if Capitol Punishment is not reinstated. (Remember - the guards did walk-out for one day)

They have been brain-washed into believing that we have it so good in here because we are fed steak once a week (maybe), have a movie every week, and because some inmates are sometimes let-out on passes.

Well, I agree that if I have choice between playing their games and going back to the old way of doing time then I will gladly go back. At least then I will know what I am facing.

Their talk of 'rehabilitation and resocialization' has been just that TALK!

To publicly announce that to them we are only GARBAGE is proof enough for me that they are out for blood. No different than the Romans who spent their leisure time pointing their thumbs down waiting for that final moment when the winning Gladiator would put his sword through his opponents hear. . .

One of the concepts of the Living-Units, to my understanding was to promote communication between the guard and the inmate. Well they are coming through loud and clear.

GARBAGE and cimple-minded are in this case adjectives describing the noun inmates.

I wonder what it will fell like without that CARROT dangling in front of our eyes?? GOOD, I'll bet.."

Sincerely yours
Ron Roseborough

MADNESS MADNESS MORE MADNESS

I used to believe that nobody was really crazy, that people were basically good. Sometimes it was a question of coaxing them a little, but in the end you'd get back what you gave and even more. But as I grew older I learned that's not always the case. You have evil in this world as you have anything else. I remember the first time I noticed someone crazy, it wasn't interesting, really, I only wanted to leave and go someplace else. . .

There was nothing to discuss the fact is it was boring. I had no impulse to make myself clear because that isn't possible-there was no interaction at all; nothing but the rushing noise of a bird trying to escape a cage; it's wings sticking out, or it's head, but never it's whole self. "The talk is self obsessed." Being inside of the cage has made it a sudden stranger to the air, and whatever appears in it. But the cage is not there at all. There is only a person, one who looks deceptively like you or me, except for a certain deadness-recognizable after a while-in the eyes. If you any time at all you notice a tendency to repeat, the mind is trapped in a vicious circle, trying to make itself supremes over everything by accepting nothing, but it's

(from previous page...)

own hysteria. It would be sad, I suppose, except it is uglier than that.

You find yourself looking away after a while and when you look again you find the same thing. It goes on and on, it has nothing to do with you, it has nothing to do with anybody, not even the person in front of you. They are possessed, not by their own bodies, but by the evil that is very much a part of this world.

But I believe the power of good is greater of the two in the end. The man who makes himself the vehicle-- of the power of good causes the man of evil to become envious and finally SUICIDAL...

DISCOVERING THE
CONNECTION BY
KRISTIN KNUTSON

"WE ARE All connected by a golden thread. It weaves in and out and around and through us as it holds us fast in a pattern not of our own making. In this way we are tied lovingly to the whole world..."

Now one is exempt, not even the tiniest insect...

When I lie on my porch and listen to the night sounds, I can hear the patter being woven by the shuttle in the loom. Each sound is distinct and unique, from the loud chirrup of the tree frogs to the soft patter of the moths batting their wings against my screen, but each sound is essential to the whole. The cars on the highway that skirts the edge of my property make loud firm sounds which run like thick strands of heavy wool through the fabric. The laughter of the children provides the main color of the background yarn. The soft rustlings of the wind blowing through the trees flutters in and out of the design and I can see that each tiny leaf sound is essential to the pattern as a whole. . .

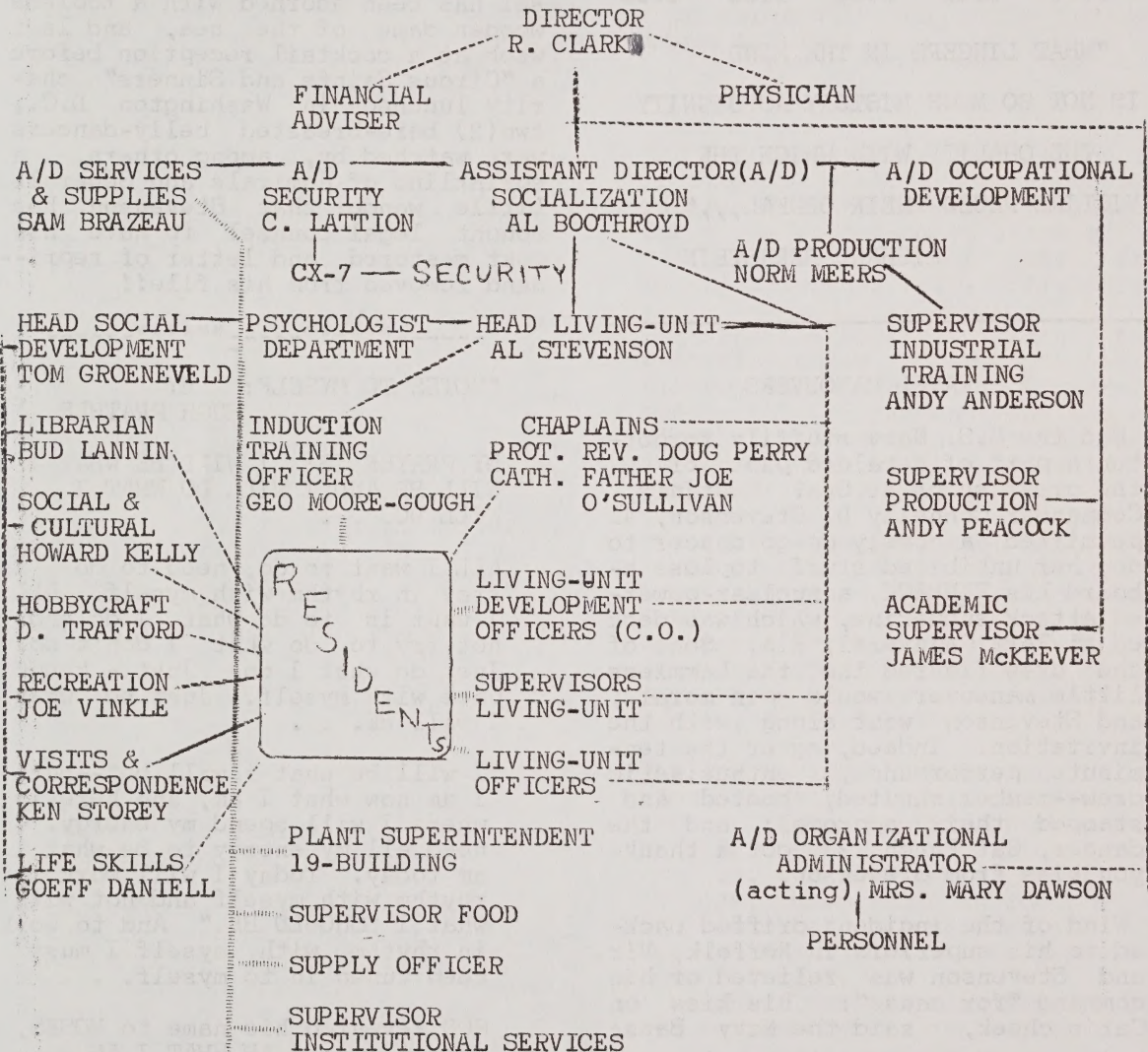
I can see the truth of this reflected in the life around me. On the lake near my house, I watch the pattern of the waves for whom the only constant is change. This pattern is made up of an infinity of broken lights and motion and all of them are together woven perfectly into a masterpiece of the lake. The wooded bluffs opposite me and the lake are perfectly shaped and balanced so that the patterns of light and shadings of height are coordinated to make the whole. There is not one inch on the canvas of the bluffs and not one moving part of the lake that could be removed--each part is essential. . .

And now as I look at my life I can see that the same things are true there. Each encounter I have had, from the slightest brushing of shoulders when I pass someone in the street, to the deep and spiritual merging of souls that I have had with others, has been essential to the weaving of my life. It is hard to see this sometimes when I am clutching tightly to one thread and feeling the tugs and even sometimes the sharp snap as others move in and out of my life.

But when I can detach myself as an Observer, when I lie on the porch listening to the night sounds or sit on the edge of the harbor looking at the scene in front of me and then apply these truths to my own life, I can see that each touch I have had--whether the touches were heavy or painful or light and funny has helped me to grow and develop. I have added a New dimension to the design or a new brilliance to the colors with each of these encounters, and the painful have actually added more depth than the others because I have had to reach inside for a deeper strength in order to reach beyond. . .

I am now beginning to see my own pattern and how it merges and synchronizes with the designs of those around me. I could not possibly
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(... CAN'T PAGE 10)

"INSTITUTIONAL ORGANIZATION CHART-- WARKWORTH"



(from the previous page.8.)

have improved upon any piece of this even though I have cried out with self-pity or revenge when parts of the pattern were taking shape. All I can do is hold on to the golden thread that connects me to the Universe and watch the unfolding of the design with joy. . .

**** **** **** **** ****

"WHAT LINGERS IN THE MIND

IS NOT SO MUCH HISTORY AS DIGNITY

THE QUALITY WITH WHICH THE

VICTIMS FACED THEIR ORDEAL,,,"

RICHARD BERNSTEIN

"tended to demean the position" he held. Stevenson had even, huffed the Navy, taken up a collection for the dancer from the crew and "that was in bad taste". . .

Had the Navy popped its' cork? Through the ages many a great vessel has been adorned with a topless wooden dame of the sea, and last week at a cocktail reception before a "Circus Saints and Sinners" charity luncheon in Washington D.C., two(2) bare-breasted belly-dancers were watched by, among others, a sprinkling of Admirals and Generals. Little wonder that Stevenson has sought legal counsel to have his post restored and letter of reprimand removed from his file!!

-----*****-----*****-----

NAVEL MANOUVERS

Had the U.S. Navy stuffily forgotten a part of heralded past of the great ships at Sea? Last July, Commander Connelly D. Stevenson, 41 permitted a comely go-go dancer to do her unhhibited stuff topless aboard his FINBACK, a nuclear-powered attack submarine, which was docked at Fort Canaveral, Fla. Some of the crew figured that the harmless little maneuver would spin morale, and Stevenson went along with the invitation. Indeed, agter the ten-minute performance, enthusiastic crew--member shouted, hooted and stamped their approval; and the dancer, Cat Futch, 23, got a thank-you kiss from Stevenson. . .

Wind of the incident drifted backed to his superiors in Norfolk, Vir. and Stevenson was relieved of his command "for cause"; his kiss on Cat's cheek, said the Navy Bass;

"NOTES TO MYSELF: BY
HUGH PRATHER

MY PRAYER IS: I WILL BE WHAT I
WILL BE AND I WILL DO WHAT I
WILL DO. . .

ALL I want to do, need to do, is stay in rhythm with myself. ALL I want is to do what I do and not try to do what I don't do. Just do what I do. Just - keep pace with myself. Just be what I will BE. . .

"I will be what i will be"--but I am now what I am, and here is where I will spend my energy. I need all my energy to be what I am today. Today I will work in rhythm with myself and not with what I "SHOULD BE." And to work in rhythm with myself I must keep tuned in to myself. . .

GOD revealed his name to MOSES, and it was: I AM WHAT I AM...

Native Fellowship News

The Native Brotherhood organization here at Warkworth is a self-help, **self-development cultural group composed of men of Native ancestry**. There are presently 19 members in the group and they keep close liaison with associate organizations on the outside. During the evening of Monday, November 3, the Warkworth group held what could be termed an "social-cultural get together" with members of a couple outside Native organizations.

The Nov. 3rd. event was held in the Protestant Chapel and Mr. H. Kelly the groups liaison officer was the only staff member present. Its purpose seemed to be primarily social and to this end it was overwhelmingly successful. Members from two outside organizations were present, Rola, Maxi O'Hrogen and Sylvia Curvie and key people in the Native Communication Circle - a Kingston based group which assists Native inmates in a number of ways - were in attendance as was a group known as T.U.N.A. ((Trent University Native Association.) The T.U.N.A. group was (Happily) composed of three men and eleven friendly, outgoing women!! While not all these young people were of Native ancestry, all are involved in the Native Studies program offered at Trent (There are more than 60 students at Trent - the most of any University in Canada and the students hail from all parts of the country including the Yukon, Saskatchewan and the Maritimes.)

Throughout the evening there was lots of personal interaction including groups dancing to both Native and contemporary music. The guests quickly became at ease and the atmosphere was relaxed and friendly with everyone mingling freely and having a good time. I'm sure some established friendships were strengthened and new ones created as the "irbes" were good all round. - 11 -
I would attribute this to the friendly and out-going nature of the outside people as well as the

excellent job the Warkworth group did in organizing and preparing the event...

Finally, I hope in the future the administration will support more events such as this one. The evening was positive, rewarding and most especially enjoyable for all those involved.

*** **

MAN TO MAN TO MAN

MAN is necessary to man, there is no progress without contact between races and exchange of influence, for a man becomes more aware of himself by the impact of others than by any amount of self-sufficiency!

East and the West, it can be seen that altogether they both have a history which shows a tension between the 'irrational and the rational', and that the internal evolution of each of them has been governed by it. . .

"No doubt the Artistic Manifestations of Mankind are countless, but the Archetypes toward which they tend are FEW"...

Archtypes are the original patterns or model of which all things of the same type are representations or copies, "Prototype!"

The Law behind the creation of styles seems to draw its fundamental impulse from a tension between two Hostile Forces! Thus 'Art History' confirms the findings of Modern Psychology, which tends to see the principle of ambivalence beneath all the manifestations of the individual human being. . .

(Ambivalence is simultaneous attraction toward and repulsion from an object, person or action...)

In the beginning of the month, a competition was held in floor hockey. After a winner had been selected there was a run-off for second place involving a prize of 2 dollars. The people involved were X and Q the competitors, goalie Z and inmate A as judge.

It was obvious to everyone that the competition was rigged between player X goalie Z and judge A.

The goalie would try to stop the shots from player Q but jump out of the way of shots from the other player allowing him to score. Player X was subsequently declared the winner (big deal).

However one inmate stood up and accused the organizer of this competition of foul play and dishonesty. Due to this man's intervention the competition was run over again honestly and this time the real winner was given the 2 dollar prize.

The Moral of this story? Maybe it is the total lack of any morals on the part of the three cheaters. Some people really stoop very low that they are willing to debase themselves in front of their peers for a grand total of 50¢ (2 dollars divided by 3). Keep up the good sportsmanship fellows, we are really proud of you.

1

ANONYMOUS

First of all I don't want to sound like I am going to be Another crying inmate. But since I have been incarcerated at Warkworth, I have been waiting to see the Psychologist living unit officer or a classification officer about my request to see the psychologist, they tell me

that it usually takes anywhere up to three months to see him. Then they have the audacity to laugh in my face when I ask them to call up to see if the psychologist would see me sooner. As if to say "who the hell are you to think you can see him any sooner."

I like to think that I am a man with a great deal of patience, when there is a valid reason for delay. But just from what I have seen and what I have heard around the 'joint' I think that eventually my attitude is slowly going to change about the people in charge of this place. And I doubt if that attitude or opinion will be a positive one.

I could understand the reason for delay if the psychologist was busy seeing people in here on a regular basis but I've talked to people who have been here for a longer period of time than me. These people were waiting to see the psychologist since before I got here and are still waiting. How I ask, "what the hell is going on here"? Is this a farce operation where we have a psychologist in name only? It appears that if you want to see the Psychologist to discuss a problem, whether it be regarding a problem arising since being incarcerated or one that led to incarceration, you have to first "freak out", while you're here to come damn close to it. This to me is the most ridiculous approach to getting an interview with the Psychologist...

It is for this reason and this reason alone, that I am writing this now. I can only hope that there are some men in this prison and not just a bunch of mice that do all their crying in their drums or in small groups. The place to voice your opinion on "Joint Injustice" is in OUR joint paper, THE OUTLOOK. You need not be a great writer to get your point across just so that voice it so somebody else besides inmates hear it.

Maybe, just maybe, if someone in the Administration reads this, we may get quicker responses to OUR requests to see the Psychologist without the "Freak out" method. God I hope so. cause I've never freaked out before... (Since I fear reprisal, I wish to remain anonymous). . .

Many dedicated professionals are working toward the establishment of a single federal corrections agency in Canada combining containment and parole of inmates, now carried out by the 'Canadian Penitentiary Service and the 'National Parole Service.' Main advantage of such - an organization will be improved correctional planning from initial sentencing through various programs including the offender's return to life in the community. . . .

The 'National Parole Board', which now was responsibility for 'Parole Service', will not be part of the new agency, but will operate on a more independent basis than at present, its autonomy and objectivity guaranteed...

From a management viewpoint, a single 'Federal Corrections Agency' is expected to achieve better coordination, and eliminate duplication of responsibilities. While much is involved in creating a Federal Corrections Agency under a single head --Too much to give quick answers on when or how it will be implemented--The organization - change will provide an opportunity to overhaul the assumptions of the 'Federal Correctional Philosophy' describe how the components fit together internally, and how they will interact externally with other elements of the "Criminal Justice System":

Major suggestions are that the new correctional agency should move ahead into new areas beyond the Penitentiary and Parole Systems to include crime prevention, pre-sentence correctional planning and judicial consultation, and individual correctional plans, and bring the community - increasingly into - the correctional process. There also is growing acceptance of the reality that not all offenders are responsive to treatment; that correctional "Policy" must be geared - to handle those offenders who are not interested in mending or amending their ways. There is also a strong

belief the FCA must develop greater operational confidence to withstand the 'occasional episodes of public' antipathy which are inevitable in a correctional system...

In 1973, Solicitor General, Warren Allmand, appointed a five-man task force to recommend how a Federal Corrections Agency should be constructed, and what steps should be taken to bring about its formation. Members of the task force are; John Braithwaite, Deputy Commissioner, Inmate Programs, CPS; Lloyd Pisapio Executive Director, NPS; -- Hugh Christie, Member of the 'National Parole Board,'; Harry A. Meredith, PS Ross & Partners, Management Consultants, and the 'Coordinator of the Task Force'; Art Wakabayashi, Assistant Deputy Minister, - Policy Planning Program and evaluation in the Secretariat of the - Solicitor General.

From the beginning, the task force decided on an extensive, consultative approach. A network of committees were set up in all regions of CPS and NPS, enabling opinions and recommendations to be gathered from staff at all levels. The consultation process has since been extended to private and after-care agencies in the community, provincial correctional agencies, and the police. 'Important' was a representative sampling of inmate who were canvassed for their opinions on 'KEY' issues within the 'Correctional System'...

When consultations and communication with staff are completed, the task force will make its recommendations through the 'Senior Policy Advisory Committee to the Solicitor General, provide a list of alternatives and the implications of each. Once the 'Minister' has stated his approval, the role of the NEW FCA will be formally delineated and an organization structure developed, that will best serve the needs of

the New, Unified, Agency. This phase will include organizational design for headquarters in Ottawa and five consolidated regional headquarters: Atlantic, Quebec, Ontario, Prairies, and Pacific. It will also include a summary of the way the institutions and the district parole officers will be affected by the 'New Organization'...

Simultaneously, with this phase, it is hoped the acts, under which the two agencies now operate, can be reviewed and a strategy developed for making necessary - legislative changes. Special steps have been outlined toward integration of the agencies, and the task force has agreed to begin action on a number of recommendations. Administrative services has begun to integrate personnel administration, information services, technical services, finance, and organization and administration...

Complete integration at regional level is not proposed because of differences in methods of operation environment, education and training of staff members. According to task-force member Lloyd Pisapio, Executive Director of the National Parole Service, it will be late in 1975 before the Task Force has firm proposals for the Minister. Assumptions and suppositions, He says, make it impossible to predict the picture in the next few months.

"Evidence to date," said Mr. Pisapio "augurs well toward an improved working environment in the correctional system, one which will encourage and motivate the human being in care of the correctional institution."

The Task Force envisages a vibrant, dynamic new entity in its Federal Correction Agency, but its members cannot say yet how the agency will be structured or how its proposals will be implemented. The underlying objective is to create an improved correctional organization, to return the parolee to the street as well prepared as possible, and to create a climate in which staff

will want to work and build a career. . .

"Objectives are the Task Force's only mandate," States Lloyd Pisapio.

*** *** *** *** ***

DEPUTY POLICE CHIEF ARRESTED AT HAMILTON

HAMILTON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1975; "THE GLOBE AND MAIL" --Deputy Police Chief Albert Welch was suspended from duty yesterday, following his arrest by the Ontario Provincial Police, on a charge of conspiracy to obstruct justice...

Police Chief Gordon Torrance announced the suspension after Deputy Chief Welch appeared in court at 2:15 P.M. and was released on his own recognizance. He was arrested at 1:30 P.M. of the same day.

An OPP spokesman said that the force "was invited to investigate the matter" that resulted in the arrest of the Deputy Chief Welch...

Also arrested and charged with conspiring to obstruct justice was Anthony Iannuzzi, 59, of Hamilton. He also appeared in court here and released on his own recognizance!!

"NOTES TO MYSELF" BY: HUGH PRATHER

Just when I think I have learned the way to live, life changes and I am left the same as I began. The more things change the more I am the same. It appears that my life is a constant irony of maturity and regression, but my sense of progress is based on the illusion that things out there are going to remain the same and that, at last, I have gained a little control. But there will never be means to ends, only means. And I am means. I am what I started with, and when it is all over I will be all that is LEFT of Me...



EVERYMAN HIS OWN HISTORIAN

BY: CARL L. BECHER

I do not present this view of history as one that is stable and must prevail. Whatever validity it may claim, it is certain, on its own premises, to be supplanted; for its premises, imposed upon us by the climate of opinion in which we live and think, predispose us to regard all things, and all principles of thing, as no more than 'inconsistent modes or fashion,' and that the "concurrence, renewed from moment to moment, of forces parting sooner or later on their way." It is the limitation of the genetic approach to human experience that it must be content to transform problems since it can never solve them. However accurately we may determine the "facts" of history, the facts themselves and our interpretations of them, and our interpretation of our own interpretations, will be seen in a different perspective or a less vivid light as mankind moves in to the unknown future!!!

"THE ROOTS OF SUCCESS AND VIEW OF HUMAN NATURE"

BY: JEFF CALKINS

The designers of the U.S. Constitution took a most distrustful view of human nature. They believed that institutions must check men's selfish impulses. The genius of the document is that it takes human nature into account and seeks to harness it. . .

"The fiery and destructive passions of war reign in the human heart with much powerful sway than -- the

"mild and beneficent sentiments of peace; and to model our political systems upon speculations of lasting tranquility is to calculate on the weaker springs of the human-character."

WROTE Alexander Hamilton...

The condemnation of human nature is even stronger in an article written later by Alexander Hamilton:

"Ambition must be made to counteract ambition...

It may be a reflection on human nature - that such devices should be necessary to control the abuses of government. But what is government itself but the greatest of all reflections on human nature. If men were angels no governments would be necessary..."

Men, of course, aren't angels. The longevity of the American government derives largely from the series of checks and balances which - stem from a realization of this fact.

The result has not only been political stability, but also the maintenance of the civil and economic liberties which have - allowed the transformation of abundant natural resources into the highest degree of mass material prosperity the world has ever known!

A FEW UNSWEET REMARKS

"I AM not going to talk to you with sweet words," he said. "The situation in the world is not just dangerous. It is not just threatening. IT IS CATASTROPHIC!!!"
The Nobel-Prize Winning Author; Alexander Solzhenitsyn was making his first major public address since his exile from the Soviet Union - 18 months ago. The occasion was a banquet given in his honor by the AFL-CIO. . .



"EDITORIAL COMMENT"

It would seem that the article, "WALKING TO AID HOSPITAL", is a very-good example of what is possible in this most-impossible world of ours. I personally would like to see more involvement with the outside-community in all forms of activities, such as the Jaycees. Being a convict and knowing that there are others in the same frame of mind as mine, I can not help but wonder that in the future man and his society will take a serious look at himself and his world. I can only hope that each-day all of us try to open more doors for ourselves, our brothers, our sisters and our future. . . .

I would like to say to the 'Brothers at Drumheller-', "Keep TRUCKIN" AND "RIGHT-ON...." I only wish that we at Warkworth find it in our hearts to explore the possibilities of helping, working, and living with one another as human-beings should and must!!

'A POINT TO CONSIDER' BY
ALL OF US. . .

INMATES WALKING TO AID CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

When the gates of Drumheller Penitentiary open September 26, - 1975 five of its inmates, complete with-leg shackles and oldstyle black and white convict uniforms, will walk-out headed for Calgary.

The Conwalkers-Louis Tremblay, Bob Bodnar, Buckey Bonner, Pat Frailey and Barry Chaisson--are all members of the Badlands Jaycees...

The walk began at 8a.m. from the penitentiary gates. The men finish their trek by noon September 28(Sunday), stopping only for brief rests and food stops. During the --"WALK" they will have and did have the support of another 'Badlands' - member, Gene Franson, who will be in an institutional support vehicle to provide food and water. This unit, The Badlands Jaycees, the newest in Canada, is composed entirely of - penitentiary inmates.

"These men are using their week end passes to attempt this walk for charity," said Calgary Jaycee member Verne Lunan, who handling publicity, for the sponsored walk.

"They are not proud to be convicts, but they are proud to be Jaycees," he said, Mr. Verne Lunan.

The old-time uniforms and shackles were made by the other twenty-Jaycees members in the penitentiary, but not before official permission - from Ottawa was given for them to be used on the walk.

The men was taking part in Con walk, an 88mile trek to raise -funds for the Alberta Children's Hospital.



THESE POEMS WERE WRITTEN BY KIDS IN A FREE SCHOOL IN
HALIFAX N.S.

BEING HUMAN MEANS
BEING CONFUSED
BEING UNDERSTOOD
AND
UNDERSTANDING
BEING HAPPY
BEING SAD
AND
IN BETWEEN
BEING HATED
HATING
AND
OVERCOMING HATE
BUT MOST OF ALL
BEING HUMAN MEANS
LEARNING TO LOVE
LOVING AND
BEING LOVED

*** **

WHO AM I?
WHY AM I??
IS IT ME???
OR IS IT, WHAT YOU WOULD LIKE ME
TO BE?
ACCEPTANCE IS STRANGE,
IT PRODUCES CHANGE,
BUT IN REALITY
ISN'T IT JUST PART OF THE GAME,
TO BE HONEST,
TO BE FRANK,
I BELIEVE IT TO BE A PRANK...
FOR I, DO YOU AGREE,
CAN ONLY BE,
WHAT YOU INTERPET
AS ME. . .

*** **

LOVE IS ALWAYS
THERE
SO MAYBE
IT'S
'CAUSE WE'RE NOT
ALWAYS THERE
TO GREET IT

*** **

WHILE OUR WASTED
MINDS LAY SPINNING
AND OUR EXHAUSTED BODY
DANCES ON
WE REALIZE THIS
DANCE MUST GO ON
FOREVER
AND IN OUR
MINDS IT WILL...

*** **

STALE SUNLIGHT THROUGH
IRON BARS
STREAKS OF A FOREIGN REALITY
GREYING CELLS WITHIN
GREY CELLS...
WALLS, MARKED BY THE
PAST
AND PORTRAYING THE
FUTURE
OF STONES
IN STONES.
SPOTS
IN VEINS
IN VAIN,
SEARCHING
INSIDE A HOLLOW
METAPHOR
POINTED GRAVELY TOWARD
GARDENS

*** **

MEDITATIONS & REFLECTIONS --BY ARE

"IN CIRCUMSTANCES SUCH AS WE FIND OURSELVES, IT IS SOMETIMES GOOD TO REFLECT ON OUR ATTITUDE TOWARDS ONE ANOTHER, TOWARDS OURSELVES, AND TO THE SOCIETY AT LARGE..."

ENVY, though one of human characteristics is not unique to any one race or colour. It is one of the human traits which makes the envious, always seem to want to put each other down, maybe so that we can feel a sense of superiority or simply because we can't seem to be able to stand seeing another making progress.

LOSING TRACK... But when our desire to win, to get ahead and to be comfortable in life, encourage in us bitterness, hate and spite we lose track of our real goal.

Our goal becomes the destruction of whatever is in our way or whoever we feel is in our way. Sometimes we think someone is barring the way to our success when the only hindrances are ourselves.

A person who is cynical and bitter, one who is ever ready to criticize and to put down another, never realizes his full potential for he never has time to spend on himself, he is too busy minding other people's affairs. . .

MAN IS MEANT TO, live a full life, and to achieve his full potential but many of us deprive ourselves of the joys of such lives for we allow the small success of others to cloud the sometimes greater success which may be ours to achieve.

We may by back biting, deprive one person of his rightful and just positions but we cannot stop the upwardly mobile stream of humanity. Others will always be passing us by and moving up to success and even, fame.

If those we hurt are upwardly mobile, they will always make a come back and find themselves in possibly better positions than before.

Our only chance in this ever--changing world is to find our niche to turn our eyes towards our goals and to move on towards a better tomorrow. . .

"THE ART SHOW"

by J.B.

REMEMBER: During the third-week of September, in the afternoon, there in our own gym was a showing of Art-Work, done by our fellow inmates in Canada and around the World... I personally was impressed and touch by the FACT that the talent that the Guys displayed were more than just another "ART-SHOW", but a beginning for all of us who believe that communication and creativity is where its at. ... -10-

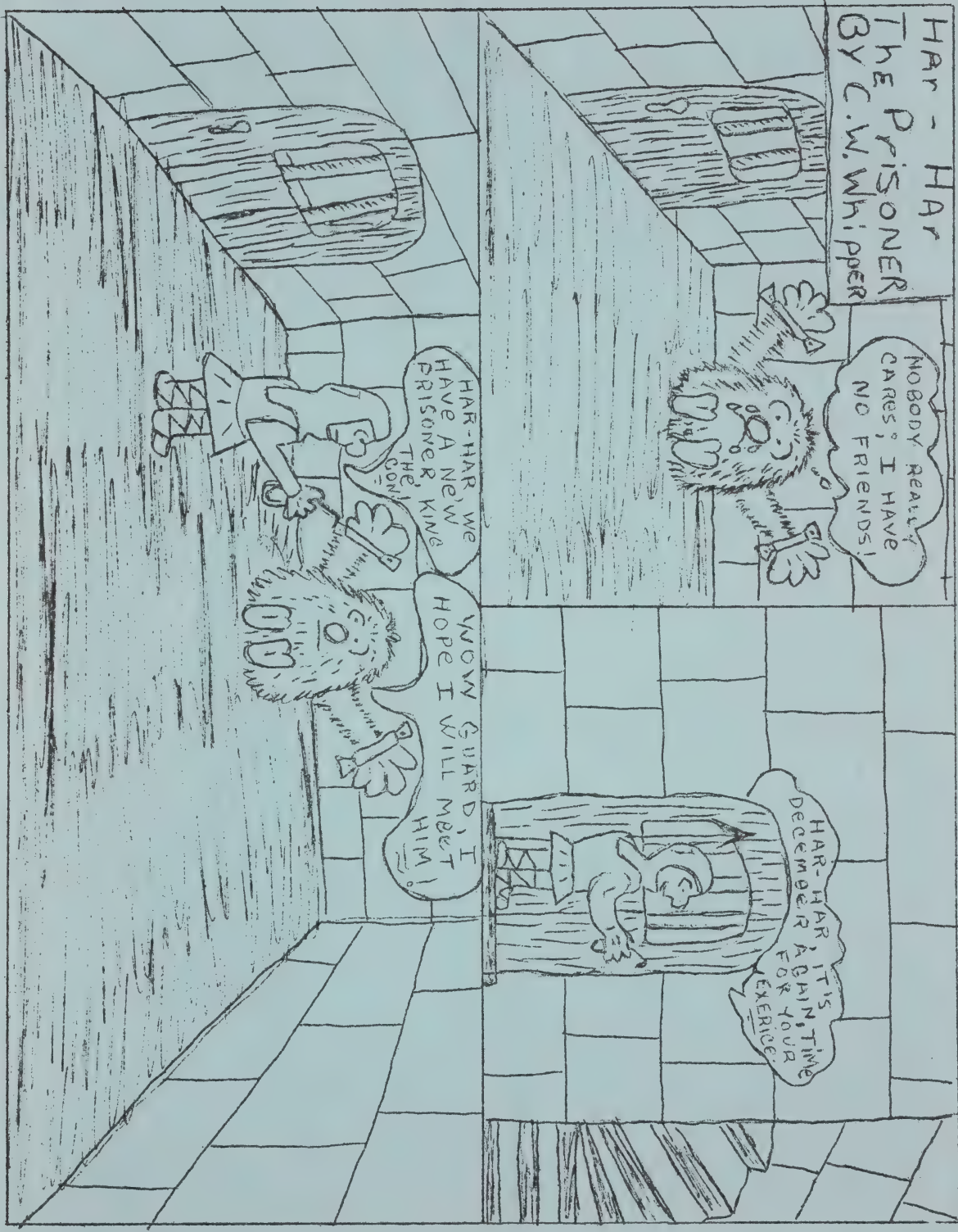
HAR - HAR THE PRISONER BY C.W. WHIPPER

NOBODY REALLY
CARES, I HAVE
NO FRIENDS!

HAR-HAR IT IS
DECEMBER AGAIN, TIME
FOR YOUR
EXERCISE.

HAR-HAR WE
HAVE A NEW
PRISONER, KING
THE CON-

OWN GUARD, I
HOPE I WILL MEET
HIM!



" WE ARE NOT LUMPS OF CLAY, AND WHAT IS IMPORTANT IS NOT WHAT PEOPLE MAKE OF US BUT WHAT WE OURSELVES MAKE OF WHAT THEY HAVE MADE OF US. . . . JEAN PAUL SATRE "

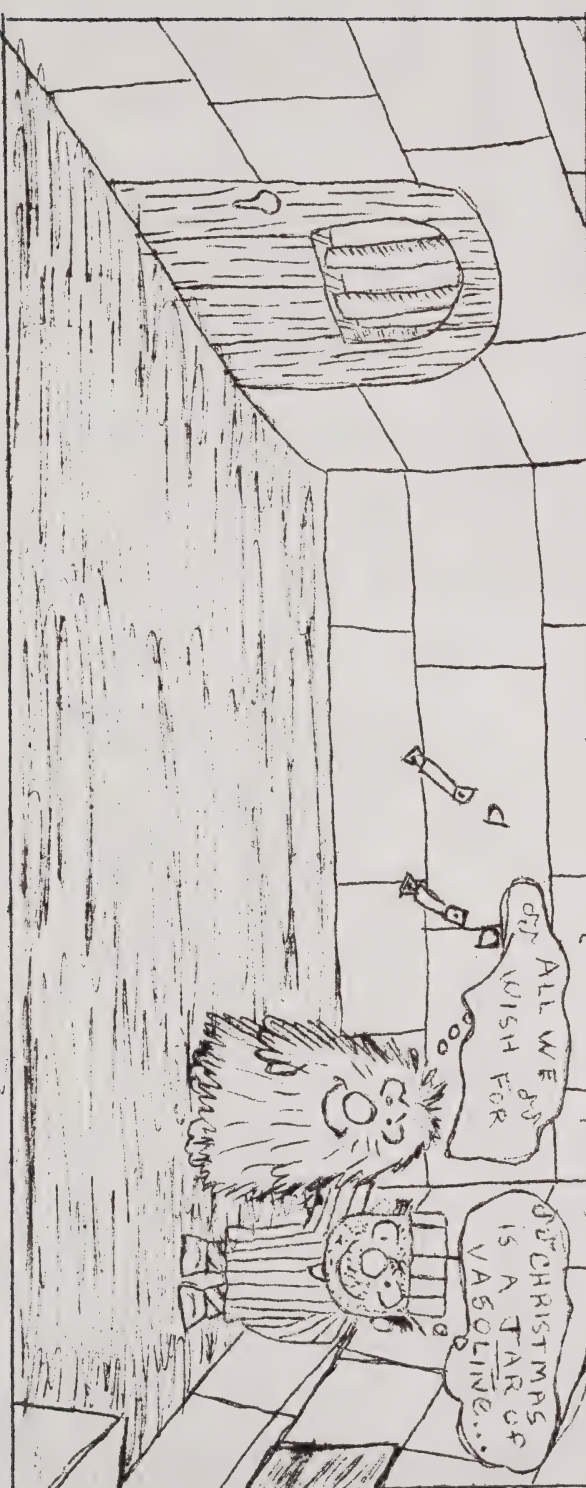
THE GENERAL public today has an increasing disrespect for Law and Order. In the United States of America it has achieved the status of a National Sickness and is in fact increasing here with anarchists, nihilists, and other rabble-rousers causing us so much concern, by the election ever riot in Montreal as well as the university riot in Montreal. I do not wonder anymore when I see some persons, entrusted with the Administration of Justice, be they a Judge, a Crown-Counsel, a Policeman, a Defence-Counsel, acting in a fashion which cannot help but embitter those who are subject to their actions as spectators. If those individuals entrusted with the Administration of the law in all its Phases do not set the example in order that a member of the public may follow the example, then the public will soon lose respect. The Manifestation of the Pontius-Pilate washing-of-hands syndrome is rampant by each as they deal with an accused, a convicted felon, a jail prisoner, a parolee and finally a released prisoner. . . .

I am told that some persons view me as hard-bitten criminal lawyer with no feelings, who asks for no quarter and gives no quarter in the defence of his client. It has taken many years, but my faith in our system of Justice has been shaken to its very Foundation. I have become so disenchanted, and sick at heart at what I have seen and heard that I am seriously considering engaging in a campaign to AWAKEN, if possible, The Canadian Public to the dangers, that are fast becoming

painfully evident to us in our society. We must take a hard and careful look at our "CIVIL RIGHTS", our Constitutional Safeguards and rewrite our laws wherever necessary to ensure that we have 'Constitutional-Guarantees', which in practice have become merely "PRIVILEGES" which are too often short-circuited by a Judge, for example forcing an accused on without the counsel of his choice or without counsel; a Crown counsel by conduction himself in a fashion contrary to those principles applicable to the conduct of a crown counsel by cutting off a preliminary hearing, or knowing of information that may help an accused not advising the accused or his counsel writs of assistance which should be abolished and a proper search warrant to be taken out for writs of assistance are abused in my opinion by the holders thereof: Proper sentencing and treatment procedures for convicted persons.....

For years I have devoted my entire professional career to righting injustices, at great personal sacrifice. In this year of 1969, I have only one comment to make as I look back over the many years in the vernacular of the stock exchange: "WHAT PRICE JUSTICE"...WHAT PRICE..

ANTHONY C. BAZOS
ATTORNEY AT LAW
APRIL 18, 1969
TORONTO, ONTARIO



During the last Committee's term in office a number of unfavourable situations cropped up and the manner in which they were dealt with caused a great deal of criticism. Most of it bad. Eventually the committee's platform was kicked out from under them and subsequently they resigned - primarily - to get their necks off the block - but also to substantiate the list of grievances left in their wake.

Administration was stunned, but they quickly recovered. Almost immediately after the list and resignations were submitted, a series of meetings were held with the Director, Mr. Boothroyd and the 'ghost' committee. Needless to say the committee had anticipated this confrontation and were well-primed for it.. (Although all Block reps. were not personally in agreement with the modus operandi they were still committed to the population whose full support had already been enlisted by way of petition.)

As it turned out, administration too, was well equipped for the debate, having been previously furnished with a copy of our grievance. During the initial stages of the first meeting it was decided that the list would first of all be looked at generally in order to familiarize everyone with the ground to be covered over the next few days, then discussed item by item procedure that the first signs of progress began to take shape.

A Surprising similarity between each and every grievance surfaced through discussion. It became evident that each one had its roots in the same place. Every grievance aggravation, every beef was an individual one, but it became increasingly difficult to respect them as such. In Depth discussion revealed the same points over and over again. Arguments both for and against became repetitious. It seemed that all discontent - regardless of nature - blossomed in the same tree.

And the committee had been unknowingly nourished it, by struggling to patch a break in communications that had already gone too far.

As a result of these meetings, a new committee structure was designed and adopted by 3 out of 4 Blocks. It now remains to be seen whether or not our new mini-committee can retain the power base featured by a central committee. Hopefully they can.

But before they can become an effective negotiating team, they must have backing from those they are negotiating for, and respect from those they are negotiating with. The latter comes only from the first. So let's give it to 'em.

Len E.

TALK ABOUT YOUR JAWS:

With iron-jawed determination, a convict forced his way out of a German jail in 1907 by a method that is likely to remain unique among prison escapes. The cell in which Robber Hans Schaarschmidt was locked up in the somewhat antiquated JAIL at Gera was barred at the window, not with Iron, but with two oak beams--a cross piece seven inches thick and outside that, a vertical piece nine inches thick. Fed mostly on black bread, and with plenty of time before him--he had a six year sentence to serve. Schaarschmidt began to chew through the beams with his teeth. He replaced the wood he gnawed away each day with a growing mass of black bread paste. In three months he got through the inner beam, in four more the outer. Then he wriggled out, at the cost of severe lacerations. Unfortunately, this prodigious accomplishment earned him only three weeks of liberty. He was recaptured, heartlessly brought back with teeth much worn down the jaws mightily muscled, and placed in another cell--this time with Iron Bars.....

POETRY BY: RICHARD

SURPRISE

A white dog barked up at me
and said I shouldn't be afraid
didn't I ever hear a talking dog before
and when my answer was no
he said dogs are like humans
lonesome too and afraid and would I mind
if he could be my friend

Well before I knew it I got kind of excited
and began to call out to those
around me and asked if they heard him too
Look a talking Dog Listen a talking Dog
and when he looked at me in a funny sort of way
I kind of understood and looked away ashamed
I had just lost a friend. . .

*** **

FALL

In autumn-time
leaves fall
and squirrels search
among the woods
my friends prepare
for hardy times
my home is warm as
I watch them

*** **

KELLY BROKE JAIL

Saw the men standing
straight and tall,
grim, tight-lipped
as I approached
open your trunk mister,
his shotgun riding
easy on his hip
trigger-finger at the ready
noted six other
officers nearby,
OPP engines humming
softly, ready

LOOKING FOR A HANDOUT

Crease along the shoulder
Nazi bullet did that
I was a fighter then
Ole Hitler and his friends
Got the best of my juice
Now I'm 52 and just a wino
Looking for welfare
Ain't it the truth Buddy
Ain't it the truth. . .

F L Q

Into exile
police and the reporters
and thousands
listening to car radios
portable transistors
waiting
for the caravan of vehicles
to come winding
through the city
to that rendezvous
where Cuban authorities are prepared
for the exchange
between cross and four desperate men
and the families of the unwanted
packing in haste
trying to find a moment of time
to call mama and say goodbye
mon dieu What is happening to us?
Can we come back Cherie??
Can we come back???

A LITTLE BOY

Add alittle boy
some peanut butter sandwiches
a few trouser tears, nothing special
and the whole world knows Him...

'hallowed be thy name...'

"WISHING"

It was the year two thousand and four.
The world, on the brink of nuclear war.
Two great countries one east, one west.
They had come at last to the final test.

A thousand satellites in orbital flight
Each one armed with colossal might.
Ten thousand missiles in concrete nests.
And mankind waits with bated breath.

One side sent out the final word.
The other stands, as if they hadn't heard.
The warning said, you have two days left.
To surrender all, or all face death.

Now in every heart, in every land.
They knew this was the end, the final stand.
That the human race had run its course.
If they could'nt stop this without using force.

So a call went out, the hour was late.
To scientists, clergy, and men of state.
The greatest meeting, man ever knew.
From far and wide, and there numbers grew.

They talked, they argued, and debated long.
Some were weak, and some were strong.
But the minutes and hours ticked away.
They where fast approaching that fatefull day.

Hope was fading, was it all in vain.
When up to the podium, an old man came.
His voice was feeble, but his eyes where bright.
I have the answer to mankind's plight.

Forty years I have worked, and what a task.
A machine that will answer all you ask.
It can solve any problem large or small.
The total sum of mans knowledge, it has it all.

With only minutes to go to the hour of doom.
He unveiled his machine to that quiet room.
His hands where steady, they had trembled before.
As he fed in the question, how to stop this last war.

The clicking, the whirling, the flashing of lights.
As it digested the facts, of mankind's last plight
Then the answer he read, from the tape as it came.

Our Father, Who ar't in heaven, hallowed be thy name.....

MANY TIMES I'VE NEEDED YOU.
A MILLION TIMES I'VE TRIED
TO WISH THAT YOU WERE,
HERE WITH ME...
YES, RIGHT HERE BY MY SIDE!.

IF I HAD ONE LIFETIME WISH,
A DREAM THAT WOULD COME TRUE.
I'D PRAY TO MY HEART AND SOUL
FOR ALL MY DAYS WITH YOU...

-24-

THANKS TO THE GUYS WHO WENT OUT 'APPLE-PICKING' FOR THE
JOINT APPLES: "BEAUTIFUL FELLAS"...

HOPE

Soft as the kiss of an angel.
It flows like a breeze in the spring.
Hope with a gentle persistence.
In our hearts each day, softly sings.

Hope for the love that is needed.
Hope for a love that is true.
Hope while the tempest is passing.
Tomorrow our skies will be blue.

Hope as we travel together.
Through this chess game known as life.
Hope for today and tomorrow.
Yesterday holds the sorrow and strife.

Mighty as they be those who judge us.
With the power they wield, so sublime.
Remember that none of them ever.
Can turn back a moment of time.

And so if your skies become cloudy.
And your burden, too much to bare.
In your heart, let hope burn eternal.
Fight off the cold clutch of despair.

For someday the gates will swing open.
Someday we will walk through the door.
And the ten thousand fears, of these passing years.
Will vanish, and life will even the score.

ROCK STAR DREAM

I'm way up there right now.
My hair rolls
beyond the wings of my back--
hard rock I'm talking now,
electric animal pumping
the rubber housing my blood
drums sound into.
I'm in it, out of it, cool
as steel string before the juice
goes on. Onstage I'm all oil,
amped-up and jagged with sound,
dreaming, the magic whip
of a drummer's stick on white skin
the attention I give myself
fully revved in the lime-tart taste
plugged in for those-
who dream rock, rock-hearted
rubber-veined dreamers who fix me,
full of sound,
up there,
god damn yes,
up there...

----DANIEL HALPERN

"THOUGHTS OF YOU"

All yesterday the thought of you lay resting
in my soul
When sleep wandered over the world even that
thought you stole
To fill my heart with splendour such as stars
could not eclipse
And in the morning I awaken with your name upon
my lips

Cool drifts the air at dawn of day cool lies
the sleeping dew
But all my heart is burning for it awoke from
dreams of you
And oh, these longing eyes of mine look out
and only see
A dying night, a waking day, and calm on all
but me. . .

----R. SHIRE

TOUCH ME

My love awaits me,
 My mind responds with dreams;
 Natures garden of loving free
 With gentle waters in a swirling stream;
 I reach out for you--
 To hold and caréss
 My desire is to expose what is true,
 I burn as with fire, to reach my fate,
 The dream of my LOVE... IS YOU!!

UNVEIL

Someday there'll be a time
 For US, a place for US;
 When chains are torn,
 By a courage born,
 Of a LOVE that's free.
 When dreams so long denied,
 Can flourish, as We
 UNVEIL The LOVE,
 We must now hide. ...

**** **** **** **** **** **** **** **** **** ****

I AM

I am; yet what I am, who cares or knows??
 My friends forsake me, like a memory lost;
 I am the self consumer of my woes,
 They rise and vanish in an obvious host...

 Yet I am; I live and breath
 Although I am tossed
 Into the sea of scorn and noise,
 Where there are neither senses of live nor Joys
 Only the vast shipwreck of my own esteem...

 And those that I love the best are strange,
 No!! They are stranger than the rest. ...

 Oh, how I long for scenes where man has never trod nor wept,
 There to abide with my creator GOD.
 And sleep as I in childhood slept
 Untroubled so that I might lie;
 The grass below, above the sky...

CHAINS ON ME

To tell you that,
 I love you could
 never be enough...
 To say that
 I would stay forever
 Just might be a lie...
 But to tell you
 You are beautiful
 as long as you are FREE!
 Is to say;
 You'll have no chains
 on Me and I'll have
 None on YOU. ...

THINKING OF ME

As the evening stars are setting,
 And your heart from care is free,
 When in others you are thinking,
 Won't you sometimes think of me...

TAKE MY HAND

Come walk with me, as twilight falls,
 And crimson splashes in the sky.
 In shadowed pathways you and I can walk and dream,
 And high upon some windblown cliff
 Which overlooks the sea,
 Come watch with me the restive waves,
 That spill upon the sands.
 Come closer Sunflower, and take my hand...

JUST LOVE

They say Love makes,
 The world go round;
 But what is even
 BETTER. ...
 Love can go around,
 The world in a
 Friendly thought
 And a Letter...

THOUGHTS TO MYSELF

Beauty is as much in the ear of the listener
 As it is in the eye of the beholder. . .

"THIS HOUSE IS BUT A PRISON"

BY: RON ROSEBOROUGH

Sit on my knee honey,
and I'll explain about the fence.
I'll explain why Mommy's crying,
I'll try to end all the suspense.

This house is but a prison,
And the fence is to keep me in.
You see baby even Daddy isn't perfect,
He too can commit a sin.

Remember when you weren't good,
And Daddy got so mad.
Well it's time it was me,
Who was being very bad.

The man in charge won't let me go,
At least not right away.
But honey, it won't be long,
Before I'm home to stay.

So you be good and take care of Mommy,
And soon things will be the same.
As it won't be long before I'm back,
And we'll be a family once again.

A JOURNEY: BY: D. HAMILTON

Everytime a man and woman meet and start to fall in love,
A New Lovescape is begun... A New Landscape of the Heart...
Every Lovescape is unique... With its own hills of unhappiness,
its own valley's of uncertainty!

And every Lovescape is the same, winding through loves now,
then and yet-to-be for all are as one when there is love...
The Lovescapes unfolding here may remind you of your own...
You may recognize some of the same joy, the same dreams,
and the same wonder. . .

And you may agree that the 'Discovery of Lovescapes'
Is worth the searching...
For if love lasts, that is the most one can ask of life!
And even if the dream is never realized, you will have
looked with LOVE... You will have JOURNEYED WITH JOY. . .

* * *

We would like to thank Mr. W. Tatton for his help: this edition
of the newspaper would not have been possible without his
assistance.

"THE HORROR OF THE PRISON CODE CONTINUES"

"THE GLOBE AND MAIL," --THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9/75

We remember the Kingston Penitentiary atrocities of April, 1971, when the prison code was nakedly enforced!!

We remember the accounts of how the undesirables--the sex offenders, child beaters, informers--were dragged from their so-called protective custody cells during those four days of rebellion and savagely tortured, two of them beaten to death while the entire prisor population watched. . .

We remember the trial of the 13 convicts accused of the killings and we remember all that was said by the Politicians, Penologists and Press...

It was said that the JAILHOUSE CODE of separate social laws and retribution for the lowest of the prison culture could not be tolerated in the institutions of the state. It was said that the Kingston atrocities had almost in a way been beneficial because they revealed the desperate need for more social services, psychiatric attention, humane confinement, for not just more controls over violent men--although the need for those was acknowledged but for more intelligent discipline and 'CONTROLS'.

That was four and a half years ago. Edward Johnston was one of the 13 convicts found guilty in the beating Deaths.

Johnston was the star defence witness in the trial just ended for the murder of convict David Cabana in Millhaven Penitentiary, Kingston's successor institution. Cabana was an aggressive homosexual who had forced another convict to perform sexual acts with him over a three-month period. His body, with 41 knife slashes, was found in his cell last January. The prison code again had been enforced. . .

Johnston left no doubt of that. He was produced by the defence to testify under protection of the Canada evidence act that he and an unnamed partner-- not the accused, William Donaldson and James Cavanagh--MURDERED Cabana. EXECUTED CABANA. . . Here are excerpts from his evidence "I have no use for your laws. We're A Society within a Society. We have different rules from you." On the Kingston Murders: "They weren't murdered, they were KILLED. I don't think of them as people. They're animals." On Millhaven: "There's no REHABILITATION AT MILLHAVEN, it is just a warehouse. They let you VEGETATE, let you ROT..."

We were supposed to have learned from Kingston. We have. We have learned that it all still goes on in Millhaven!:

We have been told from the trial evidence that when we send men to Penitentiary in the name of justice they are no longer subject to our social rules but to something unspeakable, controlled by -- Psychopaths like Johnston (whose confession the Jury disbelieved; it convicted the accused and gave Johnston TEN(10) years for contempt of court). We have been told that this other society functions virtually without interference from prison staff-- A three-month, enforced homosexual affair, a killing where the murderers had the time and freedom to stab their victim 41times. A system of savage men that runs itself...

WHAT DISCIPLINE?? WHAT HUMANE CONFINEMENT?? WHAT SEGREGATION OF THE VIOLENT AND THE UNDESIRABLES? Millhaven has been revealed as horrible place and we pay out \$15,000 a year for each man we keep there. . .



"SUBSCRIPTIONS:" FOR THE NEWSPAPER THE "OUTLOOK"

TO: THE DIRECTOR
WARKWORTH INSTITUTION
P.O. BOX 760
CAMPELLFORD, ONTARIO
CANADA KOL 1LO

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____
CODE _____

I ENCLOSE A POSTAL MONEY
ORDER OF \$3.00 FOR TWELVE
ISSUES (12) OF THE "OUTLOOK".



I THINK
YOU HAVE
GOTTEN YOURSELF
INTO A BIT OF A
STEW. . . .
00034

By C.W. Whipper